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A S O N G

O R,

STORY, FOR THE LASTING REMEM-

brance of diuers famous works,
which God hath done
in our time.

WITH AN ADDITION OF
certaine other Verses (both
Latine and English) to
the same purpose.

PSAL. 107. 8.

*O that men would praise the Lord for his good-
nesse, and for his wonderfull workes to the chil-
dren of men !*



L O N D O N,

Printed by R. Young for I. Bartlet, at the gol-
den Cup in Cheape-side. 1626.

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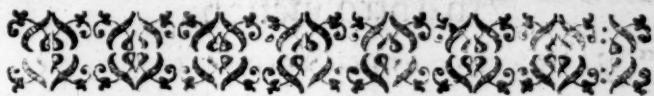
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The Introduction from out of
the XXXI. of Deuteronomie,
where God chargeth *Moses* to
make his Song.

Behold thou shalt with thy fore-fathers sleepe,
As for this people, [whom thou art to leaue
They will not long my Testimonies keepe,
"Though now they seeme to them so fast to cleaue]
"But they will rise vp [after thou art gone,
"To scorne my Word, and trample it vpon.]
"After the gods a whoring will they runne
"Of the strange people which are in the land,
"Whither they goe to take possession, (band.)
["And them amongst to fixe their wandring
"Me will they cast away, (and are so weake)
"My [holy] Cou'nant, made with them to breake.
"Then shall my wrath against them kindled be,
"Euen in that day [my fury shall be hot,]
"Them I le forsake, that haue forsaken me,
"And hidemy face from them that me forgot.
"And they shall of their foes be eaten vp,
"Tasting of heauie woe and bitter cup.

An Introduction.

" So that themselves shall be enforced to say,
" In midst of sorrow [Came not all these woes,
" On vs, because our God is gone away,
" 'Mong vs no longer to haue his repose?]
" I will from them in biding hide my face,
" That euills-all, and other gods embrace.
" Now therefore write you, for your selues, this song,
" Which thou mayst teach the Isralytish fry,
" Putting the same into their mouth, [and tongue]
" That it for me gainst them may testifie,
" For I will them into the country leade,
" By oath vnto their fathers promised.
" [The Country,] which with milk & bonie flows,
" Where, hauing eate their fill and waxen fat,
" Vnto strange gods they will their heart dispose,
" And worship them [vpon their faces flat;]
" But me they will contemptuously prouoke,
" Breaking my Cou'nant, [casting off my yoke.]
" And it shall be, when many euills-sore
" Shall them befall, & make them much complaine,
" This song shall witnesse, [if there were no more;]
" (In mouth of all their seed still to remaine)
" That I foreknew, whats in their heart or hand
" Before I bring them to the promis'd land.
Who so would see this song of beaunly choice,
Penni'd by that holy shephard, Isrells guide,

An Introduction.

And sweetly vtterd with a swan-like voyce,
When here his soule no longer might abide;

Let him vnto that holy fountaine goe,
From whence such streames do plentifully flow.

Nor shall he need to thinke his time mispent: Deut. 32.

For what is there to Israel committed,
Hath a more large and generall extent,
And to our present times may well be fitted.

Now is that wall of separation downe,

Now that is ours, which then was their renowne.

And oh that in their holy name alone,

And other graces, we did them succeed!

Oh that their falshood and rebellion

Had not in vs like bitter roote and breed!

Oh that by their example we might see, (flee!

Such thoughts, such deedes, such sorrows how to

For vs, another Canan is provided,

Far better; better milke, and better bonie.

We looke our spirits should ere long be guided,

To heau'n it selfe, where without price or monie,

We shall enioy what here we may but tast,

A ioyfull-blessed life for aye to last.

Oh then! what manner ones should we be here?

And how refin'd should be both life and heart?

Not like this world, but like our Countrie deere,

Where none but holy ones haue any part.

An Introduction.

We need not feare these Cananites to follow:

Who be all perfect, none vnfound or hollow.

Yee that in Sion are secure, awake;

Yee that do wauer in a Sea of doubt,

How long wilt be, ere the right way ye take,

Halting no more or compassing about?

Or God or Baal, Christ or Masse adore;

Choose which you will: serue one, but halt ~~no~~ more.

Remember who it is that witnesse bare,

“Euen that Amen the witnesse true and sure,

“Who made all creatures to be what they are,

“I know thy workes [they cannot prooffe endure]

“Thou art not cold, nor art thou hot enough,

“I would thou wert key-cold, or hot in loue.

“Sith then that Luke-warme is the frame & mold

[“Which all this while and after all my cost,]

“Thou hast attained; neither hot nor cold

[“So that my labour seemes to be but lost,]

“I am resolu’d, [Consider what I say]

“Out of my mouth to spew thee quite away.

Oh heauie doome, how can we chuse but tremble!

“We say we’re rich, and full, and nothing neede:

“But God knows all; [he knows how we dissemble]

“Poore, wretched-caytifes, without sight or weede;

“Buy then of him, gold, robes, & ointmēt bright,

“Rich, cloth’d, to make vs; and of clearer sight.

Then

An Introduction.

Then shall we see the end of all his threts,
(That be an holy awe might keepe vs in ;)
And why his naked glittering sword a whets,
(That we might all repent vs of our sinne ;)
And why he doth such strange deliu'rance send,
(That we might praise him, and our liues amend.)
This very end it was that mooued me,
(Though not so fit, to vndertake the taske,)
To frame this song; or story (as you see)
(Be sure the liquor's good, what ere the caske.)
For heere, as in a glasse, you may behold, (old
The works that God hath wrought, some new some
Yet none so old, but yong men may remember
The farthest workes that here I shall recite;
Haue they bin hidde as vnder heapes of ember?
Now would I rake them vp into the light.
Indeed they are not hid, but men are blind,
And loth to call the works of God to minde.
For diuerse worthy ones with faithfull pen,
Haue writ the most that I am writing heere,
Calling to praise of God vnto thankfull men
(Which might their soules vnto his grace endeere)
But oh! how few do prize such godly paynes,
Or reape vnto themselues such profer'd gaines?
Yet will I venture, all are not alike;
God will haue prayses (for they be his due,)

Yet

An Introduction.

A silly rod the stonie rocke may strike,

A silly song forgotten workes renue.

If men be mute, then babes, if babes, an Assse

Or else the stones, shall bring Gods will to passe.

And if you'l haue me tell you all my heart,

Tis not my hope (yet would I not presage)

That men will take my plainnesse in good part.

But come, ye children, ye of tender age,

This vnto you I write, and thus in verse,

That ye might best conceaue, learne, and reherse.

Come children, harken and consider well,

Gods Word will teach you best, but workes withall

(Such workes as I shall very plainly tell)

Will teach you how with feare on God to call.

Thou Lord, which dost the little ones affect,

Let this poore song thy little ones direct.

Faults escaped

Pag. 12. l. 1. reade slack, and l. 17. r. Peere. p. 40. l. 9. sicry p. 44. l. 13.
- On, and l. 15. scize.



A Song of Thanksgiuing for the
lasting Remembrance of Gods wonderfull works, neuer to be forgotten.

1588.

Hirst, Ile begin with Eightie eight,
That most admyred yeere,
When't was in king of Spains conceipt
Ore's all to domineere.

The Seas were spred with stately saile,
Their men and their Munition
Were all prepared, without faile
To bring vs to perdition.

How many scores of Shipping-tall,
And of their Gallyes long!

How many Regiments withall
Of Souldiers stout and strong!

How many hundred Horse to prounce,
And Mules for carriage meet!

How many thousand Ordinance
Were carried in the Fleete!

B

How

2 *A Song of thankes/giuing*

How many hundred thousand pound
Of Powder and of Bullet!
How many millions were found
Of victualls for the Gullet!
Who so would make a iust account
Must reckon with the least,
For to such number all amount
As cannot be exprest.
Besides, great store and company
Of tearing torturing whips,
And instruments of cruelty,
Prouided in their Ships;
As meaning not to be so kind,
Our blood at once to spill,
But by our lingring paine, their minde
And bloody lusts to fill.
From seuen yeeres old, (or if not so,
From ten and so forth on)
All had beene killd, both high and low,
Their sword could light vpon.
Virgins had dyde, when they had first
The Virgins honour lost:
Women vnript, on Speares accurst,
Had seene their Infants tost.
The children, whom they meant to saue,
With brand of Iron-hot,

Were

Were in their face (like Indian slaue,)
 To beare a feared spot.

Their soule (alas) had beene a spoyle
 To soule-destroying Pope;

Their bodyes spent in restlesse toile,
 Without all ease or hope.

There were but few that should obtaine,
 This mercy, which was such

As if you reckon vp the gaine,
 You'l say it was not much.

- Yea, they that seru'd the Romish gods
 Had beene within the hemme

Of Spanish sword, which knew no ods
 (Or small,) twixt vs and them.

For death of Catholicks (quoth they)
 We neede not to be sory :

Their soules shall goe the Catholick way,
 To Heauen or Purgatory.

As for their wealth and dignity,
 All this for vs doth make ;

For all (how much so ere it be,)
 Shall fall vnto our stake.

Oh blessed soules ! what better course
 The highest heauen to merit,

Than if such Catholicks, perforce,
 Their lands and goods inherit ?

4 *A Song of thankesgiuing*

Such Catholickes as had the Popes
 Most solemne blessing past,
 To all that would their wealth and hopes,
 Into this Nauy cast.
 For (you must know) the Popes Crusade
 Was sent, or gentle Bull,
 To all that would this great Armade,
 Enrich with purses full.
 Or, gaue a man a lesser fleece,
 Who so gaue what they could,
 Were quit, for thirteene pence a peece,
 of all sinnes, new and old.
 Thus went the Host to sea with fame,
 Renowned there to braue it,
The Inuincible Nauy was the name
 Their holy Father gaue it.
 Nor doubted they to make their songs,
 Of triumph before hand,
 As if already Spanish throngs
 Had conquered our Land.
 (*Mendoz'* mendaciously begun,
 In France to giue it out,
 [England is won, All England won,
 Their forces put to rout.]
Medyna was the Admirall
 Of this new Christned Fleece,

Who

Who left his wife, friends, goods and all,
In zeale (but vndiscreet.)
He fought to Christ and Mary both,
And to all Saints beside;
Sole Christ to credit very loth,
In doubtfull wind and tide.
Our little Fleet in Iuly first,
Their mightie Fleete did view:
She came but with a softly course,
Though windes behind her blew.
Her front much like the Moone was crook't,
(The hornes seuen myles asunder)
Her Mastes like stately towers look't,
The Ocean groaning vnder.
And now; behold, they were at hand,
Daring our English Borders;
Making full sure to bring our land
Vnder their Spanish orders:
But God aboue, laughing to scorne
Their wicked wile, and wealth,
To his Anointed rais'd an horne
Of hope and sauing health.
Prince, Prophets, people, ioyntly cry'd
To CHRIST ALONE for ayd;
Whose power inuincible was try'd
With Banner all displayd.

6 *A Song of thanksgiving*

That noble *Drake* draue on apace,
 And made the Spaniard diue;
 And *Hawkins* follow'd hard the chase;
 (As *Hawke* doth Couee driue.)
 With these, well forbisht *Forbisher*,
 Their Nauy did assaile:
 All at her backe did thunder her
 And swept away her tayle.
 Those were the Worthies three, which first,
 (Next to their Admirall)
 Ventur'd the hostile rankes to burst,
 (Spite of their *Don-Recall*)
 And many moe of great renowne
 Did brauely play their part,
 In skill and valour putting downe
 The Spanish strength and art.
 But why doe I record the men,
 That fought with such as brau'd vs?
 I said, (and so I say agen,)
 [It was the Lord that sau'd vs.]
 He arm'd from heauen his mightie hoast,
 To batter Babel-towers :
 His Angels (though vnseene) oppos'd
 Their side, and helped ours.
 " They which to Creatures yeeld the trust
 " From the Creator taken,

"Of

“ Of him and them it is most iust
“ They should be quite forsaken.
The blustering windes, the swelling waues,
The crackes of flashing fire,
Each in their turne did checke the braues
Of Spaines enraged Ire.
Eight of our Ships, of wilde-fire, pitch,
Rosen and brimstone full,
And such like other matter which
Was most combustible,
Were set on fire; and (guided well)
In secret of the night,
By helpe of wind, it them befell
On Spanish Fleete to light.
The Spaniards saw how neere they came,
(At Anchor as they lay,)
The Sea all-bright with shining flame
(As if it had beene day.)
Who fearing lest our Ships (beside
The hurt of fierie cracke)
Might with some deadly engines ride,
Vnto their vtter wracke:
All lifting vp with one consent
An hideous wofull cry,
Did fill with bitterest lament
The Ocean and the Skie:

Some

8 *A Song of thanke/giuing*

Some pull vp Anchors, some for haft
 Their massie Cables cut:
 They set vp Sayles, and all-agast,
 Their hand to Owers put.
 And, smitten with a pannicke terror,
 Confusedly they fled,
 As whom their owne bewitching error,
 To shame and sorrow led.
 They fled with shame, the way they came,
 One from another scattred:
 Their Shipping tall with Cannon ball,
 Was soundly beat and battred.
 Their reckning was, that Parmaes Duke,
 Should helpe them with his force;
 But God his courage did rebuke,
 From taking such a course.
 Tis best, thought he, for me and mine,
 To keepe vs where we are;
 For they (we see) are faine to whine,
 That ventured so farre.
 Our Holland-friends with vs kept watch,
 Vpon the Coast of Flanders;
 He might haue soone met with his match,
 If not with his Commanders.
 Yet at the last he was so stout,
 (When to the Lady of *Hall*,

His

His vowes were payde on knees deuout)
 His Armed troupes to call;
 With whom he did to Dunkerk passe
 (But later than was meete,) 1173
 So that by some he twitted was,
 As false to Spanish Fleete.
 Thus were they left of God and men,
 To wrackes of wind and weather.
 Their thoughts were high before; but then,
 They fainted al together.
 They came not forth so thick before,
 But now they went as thin,
 Their numbers were abated sore,
 That numberlesse had bin.
 "As Saul did *Amalek*, or worse,
 "They vowd vs all to handle,
 "As whom their *Balaam* did curse
 "With Booke, and Bell, and Candle.
 "But they themselues combining thus,
 "Were the true *Amalek*-brood,
 "Of God accurst for cursing vs,
 "In their malicious moode.
 "Themselues were made a gazing stocke,
 "A by-word and reproach,
 "Vpon the Israelitish stocke,
 "Presuming to encroach.

A Song of thankesgiuing

Thus might they ban their Idol gods,

With discontented lours,

And well perceine the mightie ods,

Betweene *their* faith and *ours*.

“For though sometime, the way is not

“Best, that hath best successe;

“And ’t may be holy Sions lot,

“To suffer great distresse:

“Nor is a Church prou’d good or ill,

“By any outward things;

“But that is knowne for Sion-hill.

“That Scripture warrant brings

“Yet such as Idols do adore,

“Or Christ an Idol make,

“Preferring Idols him before,

“Or parting them a stake;

“What heauy doomes do them abide,

“Come from Gods wrath aboue;

“As what the Saints doth well betyde,

“Confirmes them in his loue.

“Thus God in dayes of elder hue

“Did take his peoples part,

“When Egypts King did them pursue,

“Into the red Seas heart.

“Their wheelles fell off, and Chariots went,

“Full soft (for all their frowning)

“And

- " And then by flying backe they meant,
 " To saue themselues from drowning.
 " They sayd before, *We will them follow,*
 " *And take, and put to foyle;*
 " *They are a prey for vs to swallow,*
 " *And for our sword to spoile.*
 " But by and by they chang'd their song,
 " *Oh let vs flee apace,*
 " *God doth the Hebrewes fight among,*
 " *To kill vs in this place.*
 " For God with sudden windes did blow,
 " Vpon the heaped vauces,
 " And made them soone to ouerflow,
 " The proud in all their braues.
 " They sanke as led in waters gulfe,
 " Horse, Chariots, men, and all.
 " The Sheepe escap't, the cruell Wolfe
 " Himselfe did get the fall.
 " Then Moses sang victoriously,
 " And all his saued traine,
 " Led through the Sea most gloriously,
 " To the dry land againe.
 " They looked backe, and saw their foes
 " Floating some here, some there,
 " Whom late and long they feared, those
 " They ceased now to feare.

"The women sang with pleasant voyce,
 "At Myriams direction,
 "With dance, and Timbrells merry noyse,
 "For this so rare protection.
 What better type of Englands blisse,
 Saued from Spanish furie?
 The Sea, that was our safety, is
 A graue our foes to burie.
 Euen now, we heard of their approach,
 (Who feared not that heard it?)
 But by and by, to their reproach,
 They fled before they feared it.
 Not aboute fiftene of our Ships,
 did beare the battels brunt,
 Which, being light, with nimble skips,
 Did theirs at pleasure hunt.
 Nor was there any shipping lost,
 Of ours, saue onely one;
 And that our enemies dearely cost,
 (Better they th'ad let alone.)
 When many hundreds had beene slaine
 For one of ours, or lesse,
 Chased away with broken traine,
 They wandred in distresse.
 With tempests they were tost and shaken,
 (All Brittain driu'n about:)

Some

Some drowned in the deepe, some taken,
Where they could ill get out.
Some of them cast on Scottish shores,
(And by the Kings release,
More than seuen hundred souldiers
Were sent away in peace.)
On Irish shores were others cast,
(Who fared not so well,)
Wild Irish, Fowle, foule weathers blast,
Vpon these fiercely fell.
Their Nauy, which with wondrous cost,
Was full three yeeres preparing,
In one months space was (wellnigh) lost,
Without our cost or caring.
(I say it was not cost so much
Or care of ours preuaild,
But God would haue the pride of such
As fought against him, quaild.)
Of all their goodly ships remaind
After this dismall war;
Scarce fortie which at all attand,
To their owne Hauens-bar.
And those that with so much adoe,
At last arriued thither,
With heanie hearts needes must they goe
All rent with warre and weather.

No sooner came this happie newes,
Vnto our listning eare,
But all our sad laments and rues
Were turn'd to merry cheare!
Our VIRGIN-QUEENE with holy dance,
Vnto her Timbrell sang,
Our land for this deliuerance,
With shouting-Ecchoes rang.
Her soule had marcht (like *Deborah*)
Amidst the armed traine,
Her faith had scornd with holy laugh
The bragging Hoast of Spaine.
In hottest danger did she rest,
Vpon the Lord she seru'd;
And him in midst of triumph blest,
As he had well-deseru'd.
Vnto the house of God she went,
In royallest array,
With thankfull and deuout intent
Her promis'd vowes to pay:
The Nobles her accompaned,
Each Citizen in colour,
(The conquerd Banners fully spred,
To make the triumph fuller.)
The Preacher blaz'd with cheerefull voyce,
Our glorious preservation;

The

The Temple sounded with the noyse,
 Of ioyfull acclamation:
 King *Philips* friends did much condole,
 To see his feates defeated,
 True Brittaines lippes seem'd with a coloure,
 From heauenly Altar heated.
 But, oh alas! the reall thanks,
 (Which is our liues amending)
 Was farre away; men of all ranke,
 Their wicked lusts defending.
 God waited long for our returne,
 Vnto a purer straine;
 But we cast off his Word with spurne,
 And horrible disdaine.
 This made our God bethinke himselfe,
 How to correct our sinne,
 As father whips his peeuish else
 That hath unruly bin.
 (When *Pharaohs* hoast was ouerthrowne;
 Yet no due fruit returned,
 The wrath of God against his owne,
 Gaine-saying people burned.)

1603.

ANd first, our Queene *Elizabeth*
 Ended her life and Raigne;

To

To shew, that all hope is a breath,
Soone come, soone gone againe;
Vnlesse as children we depend
On God the surest stay;
Vnlesse our hearts we fully bend,
His pleasure to obey.
Our griefe was great for her decease,
No lesser was our feare,
But God did soone our soules release
And from all fainting reare.
Our Sunne was set, but rose a fresh,
Our hearts were fill'd with laughter,
To see King *James* the Crowne possesse
So quietly, soone after.
No Speare against him lifted was,
At home nor yet abroad,
All as one man with common voyce,
His comming did applaude.
But lest we should be ouer-ioy'd,
And hope beyond all bounds,
Iust then, our kingdome was annoy'd,
With Plague that all confounds:
I say, all such, in humane prop,
As dare to put their trust,
Not caring all the while to lop,
Or leaue their wicked lust,

Some

Some three and twenty yeares agoe,
(Or there about)at lest,
God smote the land with heauy blow
Of this contagious pest.
In three months space to death did pine
(Witnesse the London-bill,)
Thirty foure thousand seuentie nine,
Yet had not death his fill.
Three thousand three hundred eighty five,
In one weeke did depart,
And many thousands moe aliue,
Remained sicke at heart.
And in each County, Citie, Towne,
Almost all England ouer,
Men of all sorts were smitten downe,
Nor could them selues recouer.
It should haue then repented vs,
Of our enormous life,
Whereby we forc't our Father thus
To wrath and anger rise.
Though we would not repent, yet he
Repented ne're the lesse,
His tender bowells yearn'd to see
The depth of our distresse.
His bow vnbent, his arrowes keene
Were cast behind the backe.

The flames which long full hot had bin,
 Were made ere long to flake.
 We for all this, resolved not
 More purely God to serue,
 Therefore our foes deuis'd a plot,
 Such as our sinnes deserue.
 A plot (to thinke on) so abhorr'd
 As heart doth feare and quake,
 A plot, that when I would record,
 My pen and hand do shake.

1605.

FVll twenty yeare agoe it was,
 One thousand six hundred fise,
 When Papiſts, zealous for the Maſſe,
 In England did contriue,
 The King, Queene, Prince, and noble Peeres,
 The Prelate, Iudge, and Knight,
 And Burgeſſes, with powder fire
 All at a clap to ſmite.
 At Dunkerk, and at Lambeth both,
 They did of things agree,
 With ſolemne Sacramentall oath,
 Of deepeſt ſecrecy.
 When Spaniſh Nauy had no force,
 Nor plots of forraigne foes,

They

They meant to take a surer course,
The scap't bird to enclose.
That is, with Art to vndermine
The house of Parliament,
(No fitter place to be the signe,
Of such a damn'd intent.)
There had the cruell Lawes bin made,
Against their Romish Priests,
There will they dig with cruell spade,
And meate their mining listes.
But who would taxe (beside themselves,)
Of Rigour such a law,
As gaue the vse of life to Elues
That had so curst a iaw?
A iaw so curstly-wide, as would
haue swallowed at a bit,
Great Englands head and body, should
The Lord haue suffred it.
After some digging, they descric
A Cellar to be nere,
Which they resolute to hire or buy,
Should it be nere so deere.
They laid their powder in this vault,
Full six and thirty barrells,
With one vnheard-of deepe assault,
To end their former quarrells.

(Note by the way the Romish Whore,

Hath barrells in her Cellar.

In March she brewed, or before,

But Ile be bold to tell her;

Thy *Christmasse* doth not yet approach,

Why laist thou in so fast?

Before thy time, thou mean'st to broach,

Thy brewing will be wast.)

Billets and Faggots hid this stuffe,

Great stones and iron-crowes;

(To cause a more massacring-puffe)

Were piled under those:

Now was Nouembers fift at hand,

When ore this hellish pit,

Both head and body of the land

Were all at once to sit.

When furious *Fauxe* with matches three,

(For spicketts) was prouided,

The rest of this fraternitie,

Were very closely sided.

Monies they had good store, and horse,

(Some more than was their owne.)

And thought to gather mightie force,

By rousing vp and downe.

From Warwick-shire, to Wolster-shire,

From thence to Stafford-shire,

Thinking

Thinking ere this, all Westminstire
Was ouer-turn'd with fire.
They made the world beleue, they went
About a hunting match,
But for their spoyle and booty, meant
Our soules and liues to catch.
When first th'ad got, by force of Armes,
The Lady *Elizabeths* Grace,
Not doubting by their Popish charmes;
Her conscience to deface:
And hrauing blowne away the King,
And royall issue male,
They thought, by Crowning her, to bring
Her will in seruile thrall.
Then had they in her name forth sent
Good store of Proclamations,
Such as might fit with the intent
Of their imaginations.
Nor would they father by and by
The plot, (though 'twere their owne,)
But meant the infamy should lie
Where it was quite vnknowne.
If you would know what kind of man,
They would haue thus traduced,
Forsooth, it was the Puritan,
(So in their stile, abused.)

Indeed they meant the Protestants,
Should all be vnder guilt,
As if the blood of Popish Saints,
At once they would haue spilt.
A Gull without all wit or sense
(What will not malice say?)
“The Wolfe can soone find a pretence,
“Why the poore lambe to slay.
No, no : it was the Iesuit,
And Priests of Popish faction,
That brought them to this hideous pit,
Though they denie the action.
Our doctrine loyall is, and course,
Like to our doctrine, loyall;
They teach, (and put no lesse in force)
To crush the Scepter royall.
Who so their Antichristian sect
Will not with fauour crowne,
Let him be King, borne or elect,
They’l seeke to pull him downe.
And if their strength be not enough,
To bring about the matter,
Then Dagger, Dag, Fig, Powder-stuffe,
Shall stab, shoote, poison, scatter.
Thus were their heads and hands at worke,
Our State to ouerthrow,
Supposing

Supposing all the while to lurke,
Vnder some fairer show.
But all this while they looked not
To God that view'd them well,
And layd all-ope their subtill plot,
Forg'd by the Diuell of hell.
These priuy workes of wilie men,
So long and close concealed,
By their owne letter, hand, and pen,
Were suddenly reuealed.
The hole was searcht of crafty Cubs,
And then appeared plaine,
The Wood, Stones, Iron, Gunpowder-tubs,
And all the powder-traine.
At this Hell-mouth, with triple match,
(Darke Lanterne in his hand,)
Stood *Fauxe* in dead of night, to watch,
And commers to withstand.
His watching had but ill euent,
When from our watchfull King,
Those noble P arriots were sent,
To find the secret thing.
He was in Bootes and best array,
(T'was fit it should be so,
Being to trauaile such a way,
As he least thought to goe.)

He

He was not vext so much about,
His taking, or his shame,
As for his happe to be without,
When the Kings searchers came;
Else, he resolu'd, all voyde of grace,
(That might haue made him quake,)
Them, and himselfe, with house and place,
A ruinous heape to make.
About this time the hunting rout,
That were in Countrie mounted,
From Shire to Shire were hunted out,
And sturdily afronted.
Nor needed greater power rise
Their mutinies to quaile;
The Sheriffes power did suffice
To fetch them to the layle.
They look't that all where ere they post,
Should like and helpe the fact,
Their reckoning was without the hoste
For all abhor'd their Act.
Yea, marke: the house that they were in
(As in a harbour sure,)
Might well conuince them of their sinne,
And practizing impure.
For as their powder was too drie,
(wherein they put there trust,)

They

They saw it was but vanity,
To hope in fickle dust,
Which (touched with a sparke of fire,)
Hurt them by sudden flash,
That were inflam'd with hot desire,
The highest Court to quash.
So their owne powder did 'em tell,
To their owne very face,
Their powder-workings were from Hell,
Most barbarous and base.
One of them dreamed ouer-night,
He saw strange lookes and anticke;
Their morrow-faces in the light,
Proou'd this no fancie franticke.
He dream'd, at the same time, and place,
He saw strange tottring steeple,
Which did presage the tottring case,
Of this seduced people.
"They say our Churches are their owne,
"Our bells, and steeples tall,
"But, striuing for possession,
"They caught a fearefull fall.
"They builded Castles in the skie,
"(No maruaile if they wauer,
"The bird may build her nest on high,
(Not high enough to saue her.)

E

And

26 *A Song of thankesgiuing*

And here it may not be forgot,
Catesby himselfe was one,
 (The first contriuer of this plot,)
 Their powder flasht vpon.
 In stead of whirling into sky
 Our Parlament, their owne
 Roofe (where they parl'd,) before their eye,
 Into the skie was blowne.
 And a great powder-bag, (entire,)
 Was blowne vp therewithall:
 Which neuer taking any fire,
 Came downe full in the fall.
 To shew, that God doth ouer sway
 Both fire and powder strong,
 And doth their strength hold or allay,
 As he sees right or wrong.
 Suppose the fire had toucht the traine
 Vnder the Parlament,
 God could haue made them both refraine
 Their naturall extent.
 Themselues were forc't vpon this sight,
 Heauens-anger to confesse,
 And on bent knees (all in a fright)
 Their sorrowes to expresse:
 "As they, that found the Shepheards rod,
 " Their deuellish feats to quell,

All-

"All-trembling at the hand of God
 "From their presumption fell.
 Thus all their hopes were ouerthrowne,
 And vtterly confounded,
 And Popish-hunters in their owne
 Most cruell pit were pounded.
Catesby and *Percy*, brethren sworne,
 Were caught and pierc't together,
 Backe ioyn'd to backe, (and all forlorne,)
 By one shot, reaching thither.
 Two *Wrights* that with their open might,
 Against their King rebelled,
 Of roisting rebells had the right,
 By sword of Iustice quelled.
Garnett's to Gallowes garded sure,
 [Nor th' straw miraculous,
 Where limmer drew his face demure,
 Sau'd him from dying thus.]
Digby did for their digging pay,
 On Gibbit mounted vp,
 Two *Winters* went the selfe same way,
 And *Keyes* dranke of this Cup.
Tresham had tred no other tracke,
 If he had liu'd so long,
Grant had his grant, the rebell-packe,
 To end his life among.

Rookewood, that would not better looke,

To hookes of baite-alluring,
Was faine like heany doome to brooke,
(With shame for euer during.)

Fauxe like a *Foxe*, was hanged high,
And *Bates* his strength abated:

“Those that in treason ioyne, must die

“The death of traitors hated.

“They r’ dead, we liue, euen in their sight:

“They r’ catcht, we scap’t away;

“What should haue bin their day, our night,

“Is now their night, our day.

“Euen as those three renowned ones,

“In furnace seuen times fired,

“Were safe preferued, (flesh and bones,

“Skin, haire, and cloathes vnseered:)

“The smoake deuouring at a licke

“All them (and all entire)

“Which in their malice were so quicke,

“To cast them in the fire:

“And as when *Daniell* was throwne,

“Into the Lyons den,

“They spared him; but flesh and bone

“All-tore those wicked men.

“So when three kingdomes with a blast,

“From *Babels* flaming pit,

Were

“Were like to come to woefull wast,
“Before they dream’d of it:
“The Son of God (that in the middes
“Of burning bush is dwelling,)
“Sau’d vs, and kept his tender kiddes,
“From clawes of Lions yelling.
“Nay, (as if this vnto his Grace,
“Had seem’d too small a thing)
“He brought our foes into the place,
“Where they vow’d vs to bring.
Alas ! if they had brought to passe,
The things they tooke in hand,
For Christ, the Pope, for Gospel Masse
Had raigned in our land.
And euery where there had bin rise,
Rackes, halters, fire, and stake,
Or priuie dungeon deaths, by knife,
Hunger, and poyson’d cake.
But God was pleas’d from bitter brunts,
Of Antichristian thrall,
To saue vs, and to iust accounts
Those bloody men to call.
Neuer since world began was thought
Plot more abominable.
Neuer deliuerance was wrought,
More strange and admirable.

Our King was wise by a word to see
Their secret deepe intent,
Wiser to seale that firme decree
In Court of Parliament,
That yeere by yeere, most solemne thanks
Might to our God redound,
Who did the Popish power and pranks
So mightily confound.
Heere, to insert, is not amisse,
Another later doome,
Which did befall long after this
Some Romists in a roome,
Euen for this end, that all the land,
More freshly might remember,
How God abhorr'd *that plot* in hand,
On fift day of Nouember.
"For he is priuie to the rotten
"Frame of our thank-lesse minds,
"And sees how all would be forgotten
"Without some fresher signes;
May't please you but to reckon by,
Gregorian Kalendar,
Then will you say as much as I,
Am here to Register.

1 6 2 3.

IN the one thousand yeare of grace,
 six hundred twentie three,
 (Vpon Nouembers fift it was)
 Some Papists did agree,
 To meete vpon a Garret-flowre
 within Black-friers range,
 Neere which, the French Ambassadoure
 Lodg'd, till this heauy change.
 Two or three hundred thither flockt,
 Crowding with eager lust,
 The roome was full (the doore vnlockt)
 Some to the staires were thrust.
 Who so repaire vnto the yard,
 Or garden where they went,
 Of this sad doome and vesper-hard
 May see the monument.
 For 'twas at Euen-song that they met,
 Vpon the Lords owne day,
 Which by his ordinance is set,
 To teach vs in his way.
 They came to heare *Drury* a Priest,
 From *Babell* thither sent,
 Who in his Iesuite-parrell drest,
 Did there his matter vent.

Before

Before his Sermon, on his knees
 At his chaire feet he fell,
 Which was rear'd vp by some degree,
 That they might see him well.
 There did he some short praier mutter,
 As 't were an *Aue mary*,
 No vocall praier did he vtter,
 (From vs, perhaps, to varie :)
 But presently fell to his Text,
 Which was about the King;
 Who pardon'd much to him, that vext
 His mate for a small thing.
 Out of which text he wringed this,
 As some (that heard him) say;
 'T would goe withall such soules amisse,
 As from their fold do stray.
 Because forsooth their Sacraments,
 (As namely Penance doing)
 To cancell, are the Instruments
 What debts to God are owing.
 He Preached by an hower-glasse,
 (An Embleme very apt,
 To shew how neere the period was,
 Of life by death intrapt.)
 Before the sand had run its course;
 His breath was to be gon,

He

He made some way to his discourse,
But went no farther on,
The hand of God with sudden rush,
vpon the Chamber came,
And did the Iesuite all-to crush,
Ith' ruines of the same.
His soule before that heau'nly King,
Did answer for this action,
There learning best, what is the thing,
That yeelds him satisfaction.
This sure I am, vnlesse he did
Sole Christ his pleader make,
And Popish merits farewell bid,
He could not chuse but quake.
With him well nigh an hundred more,
Men, women, one and other,
By fall of beames, and vpper floore,
Were crushed in the smoother.
So much oth' Garret-flower fell,
As was aboue the place
Where father *Rediate* had his Cell
And Papists went to Masse.
But all their massing would not serue
Their Priest, or them at all;
"They that from Scripture Canon swerue,
"Must looke at last to fall.

Alas ! what shreekes follow'd their mirth,
What cryes most pittifull ?
Like theirs, whom once the gaping earth,
Into her wombe did pull :
Or like the dolefull noise of all
That worshipt *Dagons* blocke;
On whom the house did rush and fall,
Whiles they did *Sampson* mocke;
Or like that dismall cry and groane,
Throughout the Egyptian coastes,
When, in one night each first borne sonne,
Was slaine by th' Lord of hostes;
Or like the Galilean moane,
When in sedition found,
The sacrificers saw their owne
Blood spilt vpon the ground.
This sad disaster might enforce
A stony heart to melt,
Which they in superstitious course
Strongly beguiled, felt.
"Secrets belong vnto the Lord,
"This we may well proclame,
"What lies be damned in his word,
"His works confute the same:
They went about to blaze abroad,
As if most cruelly,

Some

Some of the Protestants by fraud,
Had wrought their miserie.
By secret drawing out of pinne,
Or sawing halfe asunder
Some of the timber, that was in
The house to proppe it vnder.
But this 's a vaile that Satan cast,
Before their eyes to blind them,
Thereby from sight of iudgement past,
And due remorse to wind them.
For plaine it was, in strictest veiwe,
That by the peoples presse
And sommeyrs mortazing vndue,
They came to this distresse.
And that Gods finger may appeare,
More plainly, no foundation
Nor wall did faile, but all enteire
The seeld rooffe kept his station.
"Oh then, that those which did escape,
"With feete out of the snare,
"Might learne no more to runne or gape,
"After such Romish ware!
"And that we all might learne to flee,
"From Babell and her dung,
"Least for our filthinesse we be,
Into her sorrows flung.

But to returne whence I digrest,
(Take the old stile or new,)
Nouembers fist must be confest,
Worthy all-lasting viewe.
A day that iustlie was assign'd
To the Almightyes glory,
A day when all should call to minde,
The famous powder-storie:
But this not all to God belongs,
Nor do we praise him best,
By Sermons, Prayers, or lowd Songs,
Bels, Bone-fires, or by feast.
All these are good, but somewhat elz
Is of far better note;
When heart, and life, our soules and selues,
To him are all deuote.
God looked for 't that all estates
Should mend what was amisse,
That truth and iudgement in our gates,
Should one another kisse.
But we, alas! did soone forgit
The mightie workes of God
Not growing better any whit
By shaking of the rod;
Nor by the wrack beyond the sea
Of Christian brotherhood;

Nor

Nor Banners that our foes displey,
Gainst Brittaines royall blood;
Nor by the safe returne againe,
Of our then-royall-Prince,
From his great venture into Spaine,
Nor his deliuerance since,
(When he was safe in falling downe
By gard of Angels tended);
Nor his safe comming to the Crowne,
Rightly on him descended:
These workes of God could not suffice
To draw vs from our sinning,
But still we kept the hue and size,
We had at the beginning:
This stirred vp the Lord of Hostes,
To ielousie and rage,
And made him smite againe our Coastes,
Not sparing any age.

I 625.

IN the one thousand yeare of God,
Sixe hundred twenty five,
Was sent the Pestilentiall rod,
Our rockie hearts to riuē.
In the chiefe Citty of the Realme,
It had the chiefeſt ſeate:

F 3

There

There like a sea to ouerwhelme,
 Pride that was growne so great;
 Or like a fire to purge away,
 The drosse of hatefull sinne;
 Or like a trumpet thence to fray,
 The sleepe that soules were in.
 The Queene of Cities wont to sit,
 In Chaire of highest state,
 Now sate in dust and lowest pit,
 All sad and desolate:
 The highest Court of Parliament,
 To Oxford did remooue.
 The Tearmers were to Redding sent,
 Their Titles there to prooue.
 Nor were the strangers strange alone,
 To the infected City;
 But her best louers all were gone,
 And left her without pittie.
 I meane, the rich did flocke away,
 And bad her streetes adew,
 Except the poore (which needes must stay)
 There stayed but a few.
 Nothing was heard but passing-bels,
 And friends their friends lamenting,
 Nothing but heauy dolefull-knells.
 (Death not at all relenting)

Nothing

Nothing was seene but heapes of dead,
To feede the hungrie graue;
Or others lying sicke a bed,
(No way their life to saue.)
Some looked pale, and some with paine,
Were forc't to raue and roare,
Some did the deadly markes sustaine,
And some the deadly sore:
In one yeares space, or lesse then so,
(From time the Plague began)
To what a number did they grow,
That death grip't in his spanne?
Sixtie two thousand at the least,
Sixe hundred seuentie seuen,
Were made appeare by deaths arrest,
Before the God of heauen.
Yea, do but from Iunes second looke
Vnto Decembers last,
Scarse shall you reade in English-booke
Oflike doome euer past.
Within this three months space alone,
As hath bin duly counted,
Fiftie three thousand ninetie one,
By Bills report amounted.
In London and the Liberties,
(Sixe moe neere Parishes adde,)

All the forenamed clos'd their eies,
And made their friends full sad.
More dyde in *this* than *former* pest,
By th' heauy hand of God;
In thirteene weekes (to say the lest)
Eleuen thousand fortie and odde.
Of all which summes, the greatest part
By death departed thence,
Were pearced through with fire dart,
Of raging Pestilence.
If within and without one Cittie Walls,
Were found of men such lacke,
More then six myriades of soules
Brought to so heauy wracke:
Oh then what was the wrecke and spoile,
Of all the land beside,
In Cities and in Country soyle,
Throughout the kingdome wide?
Trading grew dead, and mony scant,
The rich doubting their state,
The poore were pinched sore with want,
All fear'd the dismall fate.
Men from their dwellings fled apace
Where these night arrowes fell,
But picked halberdes in each place
Were set them to repell.

The

The high wayes vnfrequented were,
Men feared all they met,
And many keeping home, were there
Caught in this spreading net.
High time it was that when the Lord,
Was thus to fury bent,
All of their sinnes, so much abhorr'd,
Should speedily repent.
Our Royall King right humbly fell
Before the King of Grace,
In mourning weedes, becomming well,
This sad and heauie case.
It pittied him to see his sheepe,
By flockes to fall away,
It made his very soule to weepe,
To see their quick decay.
Himselfe began, and then he made,
His subiects all to fast,
Py Proclamation he forbade,
(So long as plague should last)
All other workes, vpon the day
To fasting set apart,
That all at once might weekly pray,
To God with broken heart.
Thus all at once powr'd out their groanes,
To God in this restraint;

Filling both heauen and earth with mones,
And cries of their complaint.

And God which euer keeps his word,
Soone pittied our woes,
Bidding the Angell sheath his sword,
And flake his murdring blowes.

When in one weeke of sicknesse wanne,
Fieue thousand a hundred fieue,
Dyde in the City, then began
The City to reuiue.

(Yet after this in fixe weekes space,
Of Plague and Feuers sore,
Their died in the foresaid place,
full seuateene thousand more.)

But oh! behold Gods mightie power;
To graue were carryed thence,
In Twelue weeke, after this no more,
But One of Pestilence.

Euen when the plague was spred at length,
Into the Cities heart,
Then did abate the raging strength,
And poison of his dart.

"Right so the Iewish Church of old,
"For *Dauids* proud presumption,
"And for their owne rebellions bold,
"falne in a quicke consumption,

"Iust

"Iust when the Angell stretch't his hand,
"Ierusalem to stroy,
"It pleased God no more their land,
"with sicknesse to annoy.
Yea marke; when those return'd agin
That from the Cite fled,
And when the Country thicke came in.
To market, boord, and bed,
Who would haue thought but by and by
The plague should be renewed?
Yet did it still most quiet lie,
As in a corner mewed.
Neuer was heard of such a change;
Twas but few daies before,
The sicknesse vp and downe did range,
Scarfe passing by a dore.
The very ayre it selfe might then
Seeme to be quite infected;
Now Churches, streetes, shops, houses, men,
All sure and safe protected.
The eyes which had not before-seene,
The Cities desolation,
Could scarfe beleeeue that there had bin,
Such deadly visitation.
Sixe monthes are gone about at least,
Since that great ebbe and fall;

44 *A Song of thankesgiuing*

Few all this while dy'd of the pest,
 And some weekes none at all.
 Nor was the sicknesse driuen out
 Alone from London Citie,
 But in all Countries round about,
 Was shewed the like pitty.
 For though some sparkles here and there,
 To awe vs yet remaine,
 Yet little breakes out any where,
 To burne vs vp againe.
 Euen in our towne (so far remote)
 When this dismall diseaze,
 One place, and house, and man of note,
 most dangerously did seaze:
 When towne and Country were afraid,
 It would haue further spred,
 This deadly plague with dead was laid,
 As in a resting bed,
 (And there it should haue rested still,
 As many weekes it did,
 If men had not their doings-ill
 With false pretences hid.)
 As For this Parish (thankes to God,
 By whom the lot is cast)
 To this day felt this heauy rod,
 Not one from first to last.

Cry

Cry of our sinnes and grace abus'd,
Did well deserue the worst,
But God to heare that crie refus'd,
(Else had we bin the first.)
Now what may be the Lords intent,
It is not hard to ghesse,
Euen this; that we might all repent,
And his free grace confesse.

Confesse we all before the Lord,
His grace and mercy then,
And shew his Acts with one accord,
Before the sonnes of men.
In presence of his holy ones,
praise him with ioy and feare
Who doth reuiue our wither'd bones,
And light from darknesse reare.
Man, woman, child, both old and yongue,
Rich, poore, the low and high,
Laud and extoll with hart and tongue,
The highest Maiestie.
Yee blessed Angels honour him,
And all the heauenly band,
Yee byrds that flye, and fish that swimme,
And cattell of the land.

46 *A Song of thanksgiuing*

Let euery Citie, Shire, and Towne,
Each Church, and house, and soule,
With thankfull pen write his renowne
In euerlasting roule.

Let all that liues confesse his grace,
That saues their life and fame,
Let none by wicked life deface,
The glory of his name.'

And thou my soule remember well,
The kindnesse of the Lord,
Cease not with thankfull lips to tell,
The truenesse of his word;
Who gaue thee pardon of thy sinne,
And kept thee from the smart,
(For all the danger thou wert in)
Of the infectious dart.

(yoake,

THou Lord which from the Spanish
And from the powder blast,
And from that former sicknes stroake,
And from this newly past,
Hast saued vs, and ours, and thine,
So many as suruiue,
Oh do not of thy Grace diuine
Our feeble soules deprive.

For

For we alas, are like to fall,
Into the same excesse,
If to thy workes thy grace withall,
Come not to worke redresse.
So are we wedded to the toyes,
Of our owne hearts deuising,
That we neglect the heau'nly ioyes,
From thy pure wayes arising.
(Euen when the scourge was on our back,
How few their life amended?
Our mending then must needes be slack,
When once the plague is ended.)
Nor Nauy, nor the powder Plot,
Nor frightfull noise of war,
Nor roaring of the Cannon shot.
Nor all the plagues that are,
Shall ought preuaile, nor yet our strange
Deliuerance from all,
Vnlesse thy holy spirit change,
And draw our hearts withall:
Then draw vs Lord immediately,
And we shall follow thee,
And make vs such effectually
As thou wouldst haue vs be:
So neede we not to feare the Turke,
Nor Pope, nor Spaine, nor Hell;

For thou shalt euery euill worke,
 Reueale, defeat, and quell.
 No sicknesse pestilentiall
 Shall smite our Tabernacle;
 Or if there doe, thy mercy shall
 Be our safe receptacle.
 Lord saue thy Church, our King and State,
 Lord purge out all our drosse,
 And such as doe thy Gospell hate
 Infatuate and crosse.
 Lord blesse the Parliamētall Court,
 (Vpper and lower House,)
 And when to Counsell they resort,
 In them remember vs.
 From King that sits vpon the Throne,
 To begger in the streete:
 Let all their by-past sinnes bemoane
 Before thy mercy feete;
 That we and our posterity,
 Safe-hid vnder thy wing,
 May euer of thy verity,
 And sauing mercie sing.

Amen.

FINIS.

DEO BIS-VLTORI SAXVM.

Ad memoriam Classis Hispanicæ, Anno,

1588. *Submersæ, Subuersæ.*

Vidimus (heutrepidicū vidimus,) æquora Iberi
Classe tegi: centū, et senas quater illa vehebat
Non Vincenda rates. Veteres ingentia nautæ
Obstupuere ratum noua corpora: Viderat illas,
Estq; suas miratus opes Neptunus, & in se
Aduenisse omnes ridet Telluris honores.

Nos verò horruimus toti tot tympana, crebræ
Clamoremq; tubæ, strictos super omnia cultros,
Flagrorumq; minas, quæ barbarus omnia Iberus
Gentis in Exitium quæsiuerat arma Britannæ.

Nos lacere viduæq; rati spes credimus. Illa
Sulphure & igne grauis, ventis (spoliata magistro)
Traditur, & votis exit crudelibus; Hosti
Mista, suis pereat flammis, sed perdat et hostem:
Ventis vecta suis perit hæc, sed perdit et hostem.
Vidimus hic læti velis albentia primò,

Æquora, nunc sanie et nigro maculata cruore.
Excutitur cursu Classis pars æquore mersa est;
In medijs pars ardet aquis, pars flumine cæco
Errat, & ignotis vix tandem allabitur oris.

H.

Ad.

Ad memoriam proditiōis Puluerariæ

Anno. 1605. *Indicata, Vindicata.*

Vidimus (ô lati, cum vidimus) eruta cæco
Roma tui sceleris quanta, quot arma specu!
Ferrum, saxa, faces, et dolia sulphure fœta,
(Scilicet his Meretrix vina dat hausta cadis.)

Hæc latuere diu magni sub fornice Teæti,
Iussa manere manum, Fauxe scelestæ, tuam.

Legibus illa olim penetralia sacra ferendis
(Proh pudor!) horrendum penè tulere scelus:

Rex, Princeps, Proceres, Patres, flos Plebis ut uno
Ictu corruerent, ipsaq; Relligio.

Admotura sacras aderat manus ultima flammæ,
Prodit, disperdit, vindicat ista Deus.

Nil Erebum pudeat scelerum: Scelus hoc dabit unum
Infandosq; homines, Eumenidasq; pias.

En Erebo accessit sceleris noua forma, paremq;
Huic Erebum sceleri postulat illa nouum.

Par sceleri dabitur pretium? Modus vnus utriq;
Nullus erit pænæ: nullus erat sceleri.

Par merito laus danda Deo? Modus vnus utriq;
Nullus erit laudi: nullus erat merito.

Rite Deo Saxumq; datum, nomenq; Bis-ultor:
Vicerat hinc hostes, luserat inde dolos.

Perditiōe prius, nunc proditiōe petebant:
Perdita perditio est, prodita proditiō.

WE saw, but oh! how sad were we to see, (spread
Spaines (prouder) Fleete on the proud Ocean
An hundred ships there were, and eight times three,
Which made it deem'd and nam'd vnconquered.

The ancient Pilots were amaz'd to see 't,
When they beheld this new-huge-bodied fleete.
The Sea with mazed smile saw in her bounds,
All the Earths wealth and honor brought by ships,
But we all trembled at the frequent sounds
Of Trumpets, Drummes: at naked Swords and Whips
(Sore threatned) wherewith all the Spaniard fell
Came arm'd this Brittain nation to quell.

Our hopes are in a lone-torne ship (befitted,
With fire and Brimstone as her chiefeft load))
Shee, without guide, is to the windes committed,
And forth with cruell destinie she roade;

[Them and herselfe with her own flames to spoile]
Windes serue; she burnt herselfe, put them to soile.
Heere were we cheer'd to see the Ocean maine,
All white before with sailes, now purple growne.
As suddenly with bloud of Spainards slaine:
Their fleete is scattred, and their ships o're throwne;
Some sinke, some burne i' th' Sea, and some at last,
After long wandring, on strange shores are cast.

WE saw, but oh! how glad were we to see,
O cruell Rome; out of thy darke some den;
So many weapons of thy villanie
And mightie engines, pluckt by hands of men?
Stones, Figgors, Crowes, Gun-powder-tubs we saw,
These wines *The whore* doth from her vessels draw.

Long were they hid vnder the secret vauſe,
 Of that Great houſe; and there they were to lye,
 Till they were made (O horrible aſſault!)
 By wicked *Faux* his hand, aloſt to flye. (breed,
 Thoſe ſacred roomes where lawes were wont to
 To ſudden wracke and ruine were decreed. (bright,
 King, Prince, Peeres, Prelates, Commons, Goſpell
 All at one blow together were to fall:
 Match was in hand to giue the traines their light,
 But God reueal'd, deſtroy'd, reueng'd them all.
 Hell needes not bluſh: for this impiety
 Doth worſt of men, fiendes, furies iuſtifie.
 Hell neuer knew ſuch wickedneſſe as this,
 Another hell, (like it) there need a'-bin.
 Should plot and pay be like? for both there is
 One meaſure: none of pay; for, none of ſinne.
 Should praife be like Gods grace? there is but one
 Meaſure for both: Grace had, praife muſt haue none.

A Pillar Conſecrated.

THis Pillar bright, and [twiſe-Reuenger's] name,
 Both to our God of right we are to reare;
 For he hath more than twiſe deſeru'd the ſame,
 Here, hauing quell'd our foes; and mockt 'em there.

They, firſt deſtroyers, and then traitors playde;
 Deſtroyers are deſtroy'd, traitors betray'd.

Verſes



Verſes made by *Theodore Beza*,
vpon the ouerthrow of the Spaniſh
Nauy. 1588.

STraverat innumeris *Hispanus* classibus æquor,
Regnis Iuncturus Sceptra *Britanna* suis.
Tanti huius rogitas quæ motus causa? superbos
Impulit *Ambitio*, vexit *Auaritia*.
Quàm bene te, *Ambitio*, merſit vaniſſima, *Ventus*?
Et tumida tumidos vos ſuperâſtis aquæ?
Quàm bene *Raptores* orbis totius *Iberos*,
Merſit inexhausſti iuſta vorago maris?
Et tu, cui venti, cui totum militat æquor,
Regina, O mundi totius vna decus,
Sic Regnare Deo perge, *Ambitione* remotâ,
Prodiga ſic opibus perge iuuare pios:
Vt te *Angli* longùm, longùm *Anglis* ipſa fruaris,
Quàm dilecta bonis, tam metuenda malis.

*Thus Englished (though not
according to their worth).*

THe Spaniard with great ships, and numberlesse,
Ore-sprede the sea, that with his kingdomes large
Hee might great Brittaines royall Crowne possesse.
Wouldst know the cause of all this stirre and charge?
Twas this : The proude were with Ambition led,
And after filthy lucre carryed.
How well wert thou [most vaine Ambition]
Drown'd by the winde : and yee O swelling waues,
Ore-came that proude and swelling-Dition,
World-spoiling Spanyards, midst of all their braues,
How well and iustly in the gulfe profound,
Were, of the Sea vnfatiable, drown'd?
And thou, for whom the windes and Ocean maine,
Are prest to fight, O Queene (the worldes renowne)
So still for God, without Ambition, raigne,
So still the godlie with rich fauours Crowne.
That England thee thou England, long and long
May 'nioy ; the good belou'd, bad fear'd, among.

Another Song.

ONight, O day, while dayes and nights shall last,
Be all the dayes and nights that euer past,
To Englands God be hallowed,
With hearts and tongues solemnized,
With Hymmes and songs eternized.
Black night & direfull day, thou shouldst haue bene,
A thundring night, a stormy day I weene,

With

With hellish tempests darkened,
 With Romish murders bloodyed,
 With English horror dismalled.
 The traine was readie layd, the powder dry,
Faulkes, and the blow, I quake to thinke how nigh.
 Now all the fiends of hell wide gap'd,
 Now all the friends of Rome well hop'd,
 Now all England securely slep'd.
 But Gods all-seeing neuer slumbring eye,
 As Sentinell kept watch and ward on high,
 Their deuellish plots he fore-espies,
 Their Popish Miners he descries,
 Giues King and State deliueries.
 Thus Hell and Rome haue England twise assay'd,
 With force and fraud r'haue conquerd and betray'd;
 Their Nauy first God scattered,
 Their treason next discouered,
 And twise hath vs deliuered.
 Mongst yeares let eightie eight be Chronicled,
 Mongst dayes Nouembers fift be Calendred,
 To God let both be hallowed,
 With hearts and tongues solemnized,
 With himmes and songs eternized.
 For all, of all, God praised be,
 With hearts, tongues, liues be honour'd he,
 Amen, Amen, Amen say we.

FINIS.